



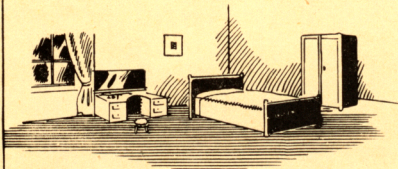
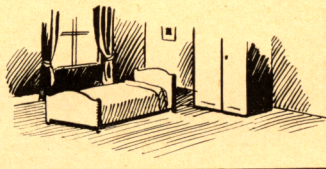


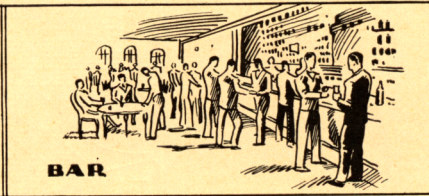
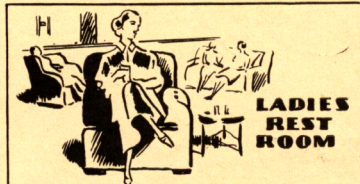
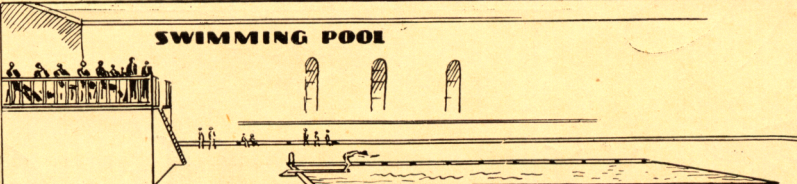
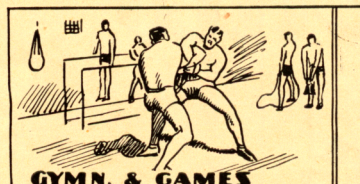


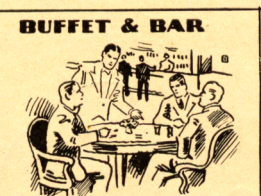
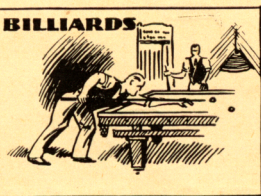



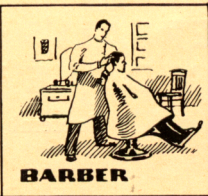


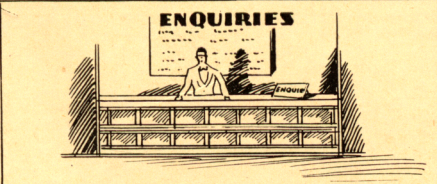
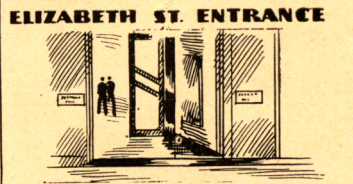
Tattersall's Club Magazine

The
OFFICIAL ORGAN
OF
TATTERSALL'S CLUB
SYDNEY.

Vol. 15. No. 7. September, 1942.



TATTERSALL'S CLUB

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A MAN'S CLUB is his retreat. Here he may withdraw from the distractions of life as it is lived robustly. Here, too, he may rest and reflect. And here, in a friendlier atmosphere, he may claim community with kindred souls, as well as with rivals, and declare a truce.

A calm settles on his soul, and trouble takes on a roseate hue. This is being carefree; this is letting up; just a break from the trials, the irritations, and the frustrations. Hail your fellow-member and discover a new touch of humanity. Make your deals in goodwill. A little drink to sweeten conviviality; a little game for refreshment of the senses.

This club is your club. Stored in its history are traditions time-honoured, associations born of men and events ranging back to 1858. You stand on what they founded and inherit their endowments.

It is for you to show loyalty to your club, to co-operate here in its worthy causes, and to discover here that the design for living may be ennobled by service and the personal commitments that go with service.

The Club Man's Diary

SEPTEMBER BIRTHDAYS: 1st, Mr. Percy Smith; 3rd, Messrs. G. T. Rowe and R. Quinnell; 7th, Mr. R. A. Dunstan; 8th, Messrs. W. St. E. Parsons and J. J. Crennan; 9th, Mr. E. A. Box; 13th, Mr. A. O. Romano; 15th, Messrs. W. Dittfort, F. Gawler, S. N. West and J. Wyatt; 17th, Mr. S. E. Chatterton; 19th, Messrs. A. Peel and C. H. Dodds; 21st, Mr. Mark Barnett; 22nd, Mr. John Hickey; 23rd, Mr. Rex Cullen-Ward; 24th, Sir Samuel Hordern; 26th, Messrs. W. Longworth and P. Pilcher; 28th, Mr. E. A. Nettlefold; 30th, Messrs. A. L. Brown, H. D. McRae and Capt. W. H. Sellen.

* * *

Since the previous issue of the magazine £76 has been sent to each of the following:—

Anzac Buffet, St. Andrew's Cathedral Hut, St. Mary's Basilica Hut and C.U.S.A. Naval Club, The American Center, Women's All Services Canteen.

This sum represented the proceeds of Carnival Night, held in the club on July 30. Thanks have been conveyed officially by letter to voluntary workers, and donors of prizes and cash, who were as follows:—

Mrs. F. Gately, Mrs. A. Codey, Miss Guthrie, Messrs. Mark Barnett, J. Bennett, W. C. Brooks, G. Chiene, A. G. Collins, R. S. Conrow, E. G. Dewdney, W. R. Granger, J. K. Hardie, C. E. Hall, E. H. Hyde, J. Hickey, C. L. Parker, H. Pilkington, J. A. Roles, C. H. D. Scougall, J. A. Shaw, P. E. Smith, Claude Spencer, M. Samuels, Chas. Shelley and J. C. Waterman.

* * *

Net proceeds of Tattersall's Club's meeting at Randwick on September 12 will be distributed among charitable and patriotic bodies, as heretofore. Principal race will be the Chelmsford Stakes, which has been graced by many notable performers (including Gloaming) and by many great performances.

* * *

After this war horses will be flown to courses. Meantime, it looks like a return to days when horses will be walked to courses. Ettie de

Mestre, who trained Archer, winner of the first and second Melbourne Cups, used to walk his charges from the Nowra district to Randwick. He employed as boys and youths Tom Lamond (grandfather of Stan), Bill Brennan, Billy Duggan (Amberite), Dick O'Connor (Piastra), among others.

* * *

Among those returned from active service in the Middle East is Norman Longworth, youngest member of the well-known family.

The sons of Jerry Dowling, Bill Dalley and Dave Craig are among others back from active service.

* * *

There are some of the boys who have not returned and will not return. They died for us. They gave their lives for the cause. Empty, inadequate words cannot serve as condolence to their parents. Let us remember kindly, ever kindly, their sacrifice.

* * *

J. A. Driscoll, a new member of the club and a professional man of Mudgee, has joined up with the Dental Corps. He was in the club recently and George Chiene introduced him round.

* * *

Many stories have been told of the auctioning of Poitrel as a yearling and his failure to elicit a bid as high as the reserve placed on him. No doubt many members have heard some of the many declarations made in all seriousness by persons who believe that they were either the last bidders or that, subsequent to leaving the reserve, they made vigorous efforts to purchase Poitrel but failed. Mr. F. A. Moses, who bred Poitrel on the Arrowfield Stud (in partnership with his brother William Moses), revealed the facts some time before he died. I quote from a reference in this magazine:

At the 1917 sales at Chisholm's, two St. Alwyne colts from Arrowfield came under the hammer, the reserve being 300 guineas on each. Both were passed in, but soon afterward Frank McGrath, since made famous as the trainer of Amounis, approached the Moses brothers with an offer to pay the reserve price. He was given the choice of the pair, and

selected the brown, who was ultimately named Amazonia, and proved a useful middle-distance stayer and ran second to Eurhythmic in a Sydney Cup.

Messrs. Moses were in search of a horse at the time to keep for their own racing, and they resolved to keep the chestnut yearling. There were no further offers, unless they were made to Chisholm's, but as Mr. Fred. Moses had intimated to the auctioneers that the chestnut was not for sale at any price now that it had been decided to keep him, any offers that came through that channel were not even conveyed to the breeders.

* * *

J. O. Meeks, who died on August 18, preferred a pipe to all other forms of solace in the smokers' world. The pipe was, in fact, part of him, and it gave character to his friendly, rotund presence. He was always a busy man of business, but threw off absolute absorption by turning to active interest in racing. He became a member of Tattersall's Club on 20/3/1916, and was a member of the committee of Rosehill Racing Club. A son, Harry, is in the A.I.F.

* * *

New members will be introduced by their proposers and seconders at a new members' introduction party in the club at 5 p.m. on September 10. A welcome will be extended by the Chairman on behalf of the committee.

* * *

Years ago I was taught that the proper way to re-light a cigar was to burn the used end as long as the wooden match held out; then, after that, to start puffing. Being a specialist in carbonisation, Sir Arthur Duckford, who came to Australia as leader of the British Government's Trade Mission, some years ago, was still more thorough. He showed me how.

Sir Henry struck three matches and placed them on a plate. Then delicately he held the end of the cigar in the generous flame. When the end was well burned he took his first puff. "It prevents you drawing into the cigar acetic acid and other foreign constituents," he explained.

"And," he added, "be sure never to light a cigar with a wax match."

The foregoing is passed on, con amore, to Dave Craig, John Roles and Tom Prescott, among other connoisseurs.

* * *

Just before he died in his nineties, Harry Raynor told me of famous horses that had been walked to meetings, among them Veno, owned by the grandfather of George Rowe, A.J.C. secretary. Veno won a match, running two races of three miles each in the one afternoon.

"Veno was the first horse I saw in clothes," said Harry, meaning rugged from ears to tail. "I was milking a cow on a river bank at Mudgee when Veno passed—they used to walk 'em to race meetings in those days—and I was so flabbergasted at the sight that I dropped the pail, spilling the milk all over me, and ran to the roadway to get a look at the strange animal."

* * *

A story John Lemmone liked to tell about himself concerned his experience with a friendly Irish priest, met in a train journey to Newcastle. As John saluted, reverently, the good father said: "Well, now, and I remember you, so I do; but I can't call up your name."

The flautist commenced: "John L——." "But the priest put in: "Don't tell me th' divil a bit of it. I'll get it in a moment."

After half an hour's strenuous thinking the priest awoke to the fact that he had to alight at the next station. "To be sure," he said, "you'll have to tell me in the end."

Thereupon the flautist began again: "John Lemmone——"

"Maloney! Maloney!" broke in the priest. "The name was tripping from my tongue, so it was."

* * *

J. D. Hemphill, who died on August 20, had been a member of Tattersall's Club since 23/11/37. He was a keen racing patron. Hall Stand was the best of his turf possessions. A fine, friendly sportsman, he claimed very many friends.

* * *

The man of business knit his brow as a blowfly set up Stuka-diving tactics about his ears and among the

ramparts of documents on his table. Tired of ineffectually swiping at the marauder, the man of business eventually rose and manoeuvred it through a window. "That's gone," he said, settling down again and taking up the threads of our talk. But the dive-bomber returned, buzzing vehemently, looping-the-loop and turning on all the gyrations of an air ace. What had happened was that the blowy had re-entered by way of a window in an adjoining office. The come-back was too ridiculous to be annoyed about, and the business man contented himself by taking refuge in the inane sally: "Time flies, blowflies."

* * *

The trainer told the jockey that he didn't like the weight or the odds, and to bring the horse in no better than fifth. The jockey brought the horse in fifth. "Could you beat those four ahead of you?" asked the man who had given the jockey his instructions. "Yes, but I'm not so sure about those that finished behind," answered the jockey.

* * *

*I don't care a drat that sugar is rationed,
My tastes (like my ways) are sedate
and old-fashioned.
Though on smokes and on drinks I
remain a bit fuddy,
With regard to the "sweeties" I'm
no sugar daddy.*

* * *

Relating an ordeal of temperance: A friend decided to "swear off indefinitely." The daily results of his violent struggle against the Demon were recorded by an observer.

Monday: High temperature. Great drought. World of waste that could be transformed into flowering wilderness by one nip. Success after terrible journey, including 1,000 refusals and 1,000 temptations scotched.

Tuesday: Temperature falling slightly. Chewing peppermints as antidote to craving. Cruel spectacle of people coming out wiping mouths. Close thing at 11 a.m., 4 p.m. and 5.59 p.m.—but fatality averted.

Wednesday: Temperature normal. Clear skies. Feeling much better. Boasts of eternal temperance. "It's the easiest thing in the world, my boy, if you only try." Nearly a slip on meeting the 11 a.m. brigade,

Thursday: Feelings of elation. Friends tell that alcohol gradually leaves the system. "Hold out, old pal." Peppermints dispensed with. Pubs passed with impunity. Friends smiling; but that doesn't matter. Keep going, old boy. No martyr is honoured by his friends.

Friday: Pay-day—terrible down-pour.

Saturday: Pills, wet towels, and "Sit up and take this!"

* * *

From a newspaper report: He was very stiff in his first race."

No more so than those who had their money on.

* * *

I notice that one of the many experts who spring up in wartime attaches importance to the relation of handwriting to character. To be perfectly candid about the thing: how many husbands have lived up to the characters they gave themselves in writing when she was a slip of a girl with something in her eyes, or just a baby lisp in her speech, that made a man misrepresent himself and promise always to—well, how many characters have survived the test of time?

* * *

H. G. Wells, High Priest of Phophecy, wrote 32 years ago, four years before the 1914-18 war began:

"I have but the knowledge of the man in the street in these things, though once or twice I have chanced on prophecy, and I am uneasily apprehensive of the quality of all our naval preparations. We go on launching these lumping great Dreadnoughts and I cannot bring myself to believe in them. They seem vulnerable from the air above and the deep below, vulnerable in a shallow channel and in a fog (and the North Sea is both foggy and shallow), and immensely costly. If I were Lord High Admiral of England at war I would not fight the things. I would as soon put to sea in St. Paul's Cathedral. If I were fighting Germany I would stow half of them away in the Clyde and half in the Bristol Channel, and take the good men out of them and fight with mines and torpedoes and destroyers and airships and submarines."

(Continued on Page 4.)

The Club Man's Diary

(Continued from Page 3.)

The Cabinet, now part of our democratic form of government, is a link with the days when the people were governed in an autocratic manner — by Charles II. The word was then used as a name for a private chamber. In such a room favorite Ministers of Charles met to discuss affairs of State with the King. Those Ministers were responsible to the King alone. Their names were: Clifford, Ashley, Buckingham, Arlington and Lauderdale, whose initials formed the word "Cabal"—meaning a group of intriguers.

It was during the reign of William III that the Cabinet, consisting of the Chief Ministers of the Government, developed its modern characteristics and became responsible to Parliament, and not to the King.

THE SEA WALL

There was the sea and the grey stone wall

With a broken place where the tide crept through;

Mist, and the wind, and a wild bird's call,

And over my heart like the rise and fall

Of the waves came the thought of you:

There was the night, and the wet salt spray

Borne by the wind from the open sea,

And out of the vanished Yesterday—

You came, Beloved, to walk with me.

*I looked but once in the eyes of You,
And touched your hand, Dear,
that was all,*

But my heart seemed a part of the grey sea wall

With a broken place where the tide crept through.

—Evelyn M. Maley

We are reading a good deal to-day about so-called "strong, silent men." Why attach oneself fanatically to silence?

Undoubtedly there is strength in silence, as well as wisdom on occasion; but there is another aspect: moral weaklings and non-intellectuals often shelter behind silence to cover up their defects. The still tongue and solemn mien are mistaken often for studied reticence and inner illumination, whereas they are sometimes merely the decoys of ignorance and design.

For those reasons, I often prefer the honest blusterer with all his simple, superficial, and quite forgivable indiscretions.

Don't buy anything you can do without—save every penny for £10 National Savings Bonds.

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THE ART OF COACHING . . .

(By The Club Man)

MANY a young champion-in-the-making has had much of his exceptional class wrung out of him, and become a back number, due to coaching of the wrong sort. I do not suggest that the coaches themselves lacked competence in games. Some might even have been in the first flight. They couldn't pass on the secret of acquiring skill, nor detect defects, nor remedy without wrecking.

Gifts for games and the craft of coaching are not necessarily complementary. The first-class player may prove a poor coach, just as the player not so well endowed with skill may have all the requisites of an excellent coach. Ever noticed it? Yet the first-classer, because of his personal record, his prestige, is turned loose among the up-and-comers.

A fairly long experience of games and those who play games has taught me the considerable part that temperament plays in coaching.

Many champions, as I have observed them, fail temperamentally when it comes to imparting their knowledge or competence. Being so well equipped personally, they expect a high degree of skill in others. They are impatient of slow thinking and regard lack of confidence as slackness.

Even so, they are not nearly the menace of a coach who has no eye for natural style and sets out to cut every learner to a standard pattern.

The art, of course, is to preserve as much as possible an individual's natural style, when it promises to carry him into championship class. Otherwise, the coach is writing off a superlative asset and bankrupting his client.

The trained sub-editor on the press

can cut for length an article while still retaining the narrative's colour and news value, and without mauling the style of the author.

So it should be with the coach. He should lop without hacking the brilliant green frame of "natural ability," and so stabilise what is there for the promotion of new growth.

I remember, when the batting genius of Don Bradman first became apparent, veteran Charlie Bannerman surveyed through rheumy eyes the boy from Bowral as the latter raised Cain among bowlers on Sydney Cricket Ground.

"Like to meet Bradman?" someone in the Members' Stand asked.

"Yes," answered the man who held the fort in Tests before most of us were born. "Yes," he added. "I might be able to tell him something."

When Bradman returned to the Stand, the introduction was made. Bannerman said: "Don, I've been watching your strokes. If I could play them as you, I'd alter my grip of the bat, so" (taking the bat, showing Bradman, and explaining why).

Don, the humblest champion I ever knew, made sure that he had the new grip right, thanked the veteran cordially and withdrew. Next day he tried the Bannerman grip—and never changed from it!

The point about that story is that Bannerman proved the ideal coach. He made the suggestion helpfully and, unlike some old masters, didn't desire to remould a new master's style to that of "the good old days."

One more example: During a match at Sydney Cricket Ground between up-and-comers and retired players who had not arrived at the

has-been stage, one of the latter batsmen had us on our toes by reason of his free stroking. It was delightful cricket—lusty driving, sweet glancing and, above all, the will to "have a go." I remarked enthusiastically on the exhibition when one who was then a stranger to me put in: "His style's all wrong. Look at his cross bat—all wrong."

"But," I suggested (meekly), "he's getting the runs—he's playing cricket as I like it."

The stranger almost shouted: "Cricket, you call it!" Later I discovered that he was a coach.

When I was a youth I bowled, without much knowing how, a leg break with (fellow players said) lively nip off the pitch. I got wickets. It was a coach who altered my grip. I ended up by fielding on the boundary, to where, latterly, I had been hit.

The coaching of many young boxers is deplorable. They don't appear to know fundamentals. They are sent out to the slaughter round after round. Darcy was a natural fighter, and Dave Smith developed him as a boxer without destroying those combative instincts, and other qualities of genius that were in the make-up of the then potential champion. That Darcy subsequently out-mastered his former master in the ring did not detract from Dave Smith's splendid competence as a coach.

Now that so much of our athletic material is taking its place in the sterner game of war, and there will be so much to replace—should it prove a long war—the rebuilding in due course may be expected to regain old standards only if care be exercised in the choice of coaches.

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BILLIARDS AND SNOOKER

While the recent Club Carnival Night was in full swing, Gordon Booth found time to strike up a few moments conversation with the writer and tell of a game of snooker he had engaged in that day with one of our champions, Billy Longworth.

"I started off like a champion," he said, "and potted the first red like a Lindrum; but, that was the one and only ball I put down right through the game." That reminds me.

A few years back, 1932 to be exact, when Jardine's English XI. was in Australia, it was soon learned that the team had a real band of billiards and snooker fans. At that time Horace Lindrum had a room in George Street which he, through the writer, declared an "open house" to the visitors, who made full use of the five tables.

Came the first visit. Les Ames, the wicket-keeper, George Duckworth, Eddie Paynter, Maurice Leyland, Pataudi, Harold Larwood and Walter Hammond set themselves for a real night of billiards, but first desired to cast an eye over the Australian snooker champion with a view to estimating his prospects in a clash against Englishman Joe Davis.

Ames, who is no mean performer with a cue, suggested a game with our champion, who readily obliged while the others sat around in eager anticipation.

Lindrum smashed the diamond with a mighty hit and Ames then approached him with these words: "Don't you worry about me, Mr. Lindrum. I don't care how many you beat me by. I just want to see how you champions play."

The Sydney boy replied O.K., or words to that effect, and, after the keeper had missed a "sitter," took the lot for an unfinished break of 109. It's dangerous to suggest to champions that they go flat out! Ames was

the butt for all manner of jibes for the rest of the tour.

Something similar happened in England recently when a well-known Navy performer struck Joe Davis, who was about to give an exhibition in Devonport. He asked that he be allowed to hold the second cue, and the request was granted.

The Naval man started off like Gordon Booth had done and took the first red in brilliant fashion, but

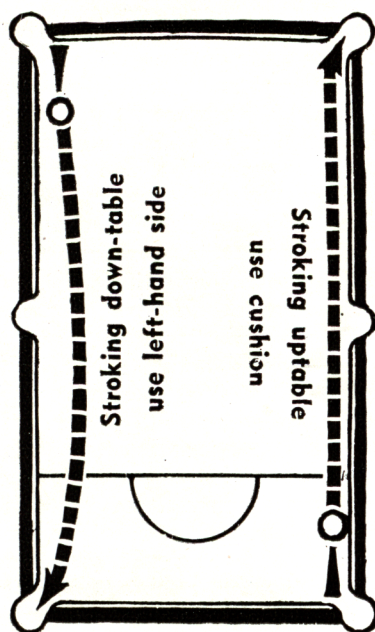
gave members the benefit of his experience but, unfortunately, too many were content to listen to his talks, which were always well studied with humour, rather than test their skill by following the lessons given.

Davis makes one very clear point—that if right-hand side is used to pot a ball up the table (from the baulk end toward the top cushion) then a similar shot down the table will require left-hand side.

A diagram reproduced on this page explains just what the champion meant. Firing up the table into the top pocket, right-hand, or cushion, side is used, whereas coming down the table left-hand side is required to find the bottom pocket.

Following that point to its logical conclusion it becomes clear that many potshots from varying angles are very different affairs to what the eye sees. Allowances must be made for cloth drag and the correct contact point on the object-ball can only be made when the deviation has been calculated correctly. Now you know why we all miss the easy ones!

There is another story connected with an English cricketer. Away back in 1902 Frank Smith, senr., was our champion and Arthur Lilley, who was keeper for MacLaren's English XI., strolled into the billiard room at the Hotel Australia and challenged Smith to a game. The Australian obliged, screwed in-off red and made 102 unfinished. Lilley laughed and thought it a great joke. He suggested another game and the result was identical. "Well," he said, "we'll have just one more, but this time I will make certain of having a hit—I will 'break' them." He did and then retired while Smith ran to his points. "That," said Lilley, "is the first time I ever made three 'blobs' in succession." Friend Gordon Booth, it seems, is in pretty good company!



Davis took no further risks about his opponent "stealing the show," and took the lot at his next visit for a break of 114 which, incidentally, brought the champion's century snooker runs to 121.

The ability to make century runs at snooker is rare, and really good players might never reach the three figure tally in a lifetime. That, according to the world's champion, is because they have never really studied the effect of nap on the cue-ball.

During his stay in Sydney, when he was a guest at our club, Davis

THE FUN OF RACING

(By E. J. Gravestock)

I have been getting a lot of enjoyment reading "Racing for Fun," a book dealing with racing in England by Quinney Gilbey, a brother of Geoffrey Gilbey, the English racing journalist. Quinney is a well known racing man at home, and writes in a breezy and knowledgeable style of racing in all its aspects. He discusses the classic races, and gives excellent pen pictures of sporting personalities from lordly owners to humble trainers and jockeys. His review of the merits of the great racecourses in England is very informative.

Gilbey says Goodwood is out on its own, the loveliest course in the country, and its meeting, held at the end of the London season, provides the best fun of the whole racing year. The best way to "do" Goodwood is to stay in a house-party adjacent to the sea, and preferably not more than fifteen miles from the course, then you can bathe before you go racing and bathe again afterwards if you are so minded. There is no Royal Enclosure at Goodwood, and no ridiculous dressing up; in fact, a man can appear in flannels if he wants to, which should be the case at every meeting. Goodwood Racecourse is the property of the Duke of Richmond.

Apart from anything else, imagine how lovely it must be to lie in bed at night, and think of the bookmakers paying to come into your garden. The most popular race at Goodwood is the Stewards' Cup, a six-furlong handicap run on the first day of the meeting. The popularity of this race is due to the fact that, like the Hunt Cup, you can back several horses and yet show a profit if among your many bets you happen to name the winner. These kind of races, however, are even more popular with the bookmakers, as with so many horses backed they can always work themselves into that impregnable position known as "over round." It is only a few years since ladies have been permitted in the Members' Enclosure and a number of old gentlemen still bemoan the fact bitterly, though Gilbey thinks that most of the Members welcome their inclusion.

Writing of Ascot, Quinney Gilbey says Ascot has been described as being comprised of those in the Royal Enclosure and those who forgot to apply. No one has ever been known to admit having been refused a voucher, but no doubt there have been occasions when "Lord Granard (like Miss Otis) regrets he is unable . . ." Apparently you can break all the commandments and still get your voucher, so long as you don't commit the unpardonable offence of at the same time breaking the Eleventh. Even then, Gilbey says, he understands that the Sixth and Seventh are the only two which will get your name on the gate. "Far be it from me to make fun of the Royal Enclosure," continues the writer. "Any institution which induces five thousand people who hate the sight of a horse and don't know which end it kicks with, to spend four hot days on a racecourse is deserving of our most profound admiration. By commercialising the snobbery of the upper classes the authorities of Ascot put over a master stroke, and I can't understand why a number of the other courses don't follow suit. Of no racecourse is it so true to say that the world and his wife were present as at Ascot, because although you can take someone else's wife to Brighton, you must definitely take your own wife to Ascot. In consequence, you see married couples who had barely exchanged a civil word or a bow across the Embassy floor on a Thursday night for months, arriving together, and, what's more, having to remain together till they obtain the shelter of Buck's Tent or one of the other numerous club marquees, where rendezvous are made.

Some years ago a well-known personage, finding the marriage ties a trifle irksome, took up with a lady, and his "look to the left" became so well known that it reached Royal ears. Eventually, however, husband and wife, "for the sake of the children," decided to become reconciled, and thinking to appease the Royalty, decided to walk under the Royal Box arm-in-arm. Just, however, as they approached the Box, they encount-

ered the girl friend in roaring form, who grasped him by the other arm, and all three walked by together. Neither the wife nor the observing Royalty were at all amused.

The racing at Ascot is far and away the best of the whole year, considers Gilbey, the best horses in the world competing for large stakes under the most divine conditions; what more could a man want? Ascot is supposed to be a difficult meeting at which to make money, simply because a number of young fools—and a number of old ones, too—have come to grief there in the past; but the writer thinks it is no harder to win at Ascot than anywhere else, but that doesn't mean that it's easy. The trouble about Ascot is that it is surrounded with such an air of affluence that one is apt to get carried away, forgetful that there is a day named "settling day" in the not far distant future, while we all know that the good thing always appears a much better thing after a couple of glasses of champagne, while after a bottle it looks well-nigh unbeatable. Then, again, a number of people go to Ascot who know nothing about racing at all, so it is not surprising that if they are intrepid enough to bet—they lose.

In Gilbey's opinion, Epsom is fourth on the list of enjoyable meetings, though he is prepared to believe that a number of people will not see eye to eye with him on this statement. He always thinks that Epsom must have been designed by a woman-hater, for while the men have a grand time, there is precious little accommodation for women, and unless an indulgent husband or boy friend has booked them a stall or a seat in a box, they return to London on Derby evening looking as if they had been dragged through a fence backwards. Men have a great time—the bars, bookmakers and tote are all adjacent, and their propinquity one to another serve each in excellent stead; while the position of the paddock, situated as it is a Sabbath day's journey from the stand, relieves one of any obligation to go there at all.

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BRAND NEW FIELD FOR CHELMSFORD STAKES

Only the greatest horses of their time can win the Chelmsford Stakes, the outstanding race on the records of the meetings held at Randwick by Tattersall's Club.

This year's event carries a heavy responsibility and is unique in that not one candidate contested last year's race when the places were filled by those superlative gallopers Beau Vite, High Caste, and Lucrative.

Turf history easily could be made on Saturday, September 12, with most interest centred on the seven three-year-olds who will be tested against the older division by Yaralla, Rimveil and Mildura.

The three-year-olds of this season at present suffer in comparison with winners of that age in recent years, notably Heroic, Limerick, Ammon Ra, Gaine Carrington and Gold Rod. Even Phar Lap with 7.6 in 1929 was beaten by Mollison, although he won next year as a four-year-old with 9.4.

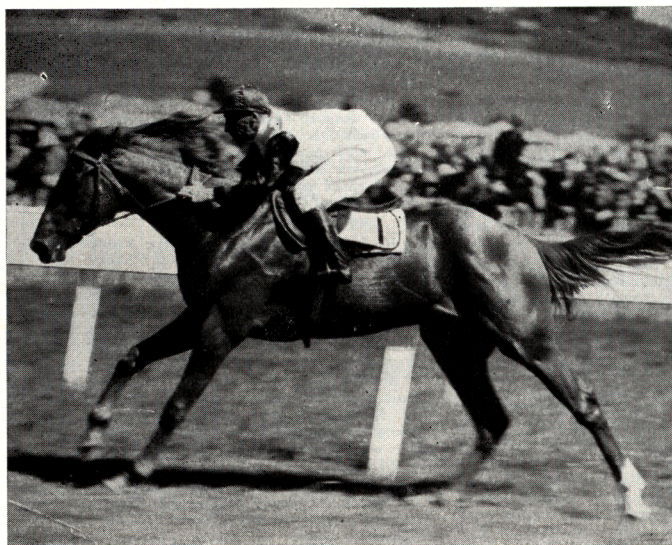
Owners of likely three-year-olds have not missed their opportunity provided by the Club's nine furlongs weight-for-age event, and the seven entrants numerically make up almost half the field of 18.

Hall Stand unfortunately was not entered, but Riverton has been included, obviously in the hope that he will produce the form which he showed as a two-year-old and has indicated on odd occasions on the training track. At present he remains one of the enigmas, but his capable trainer, George Price, is not likely to persevere with him unless he is satisfied absolutely that the colt has not lost form.

Actually the remaining half dozen—Streamford, Panbranch, Babillard, Main Topic, Prince Buzzard and Afloat—have yet to show that

they are deserving of the highest rating, but they are at the age which provides rapid improvement.

Main Topic showed gameness and no little ability to chase home the flying Hall Stand in the Hobartville Stakes, and is one colt who can be rated as on the up-and-up.



YARALLA.

Panbranch continues to thrive under the care of Dan Lewis, his races having emphasised possession of a powerful finishing run.

Streamford is another of undoubted possibilities. His young trainer, M. McCarten, has carried on the good work with Streamford and made the most of the solid foundation laid down by Streamford's former trainer, J. T. Jamieson.

Incidentally, Sydney trainer Jamieson has now become N.Z. farmer Jamieson more concerned with sheep and lambs, and according to reports liking it, although he misses his friends of the card-room.

McCarten has another hope also in Prince Buzzard, who has shown later improvement and easily could justify his inclusion in the field.

Apart from Babillard's ability he is of added interest through his sire, Talking, one of the most discussed horses of his time, although

he himself did not play any prominent part in the Chelmsford Stakes. Afloat also is a winner and bred well enough to improve as well as any three-year-old in the field.

The clash between Yaralla and Rimveil will be one of the highlights of the race. Yaralla now carries the rating of Number 1 weight-for-age performer

in Sydney with Beau Vite, High Caste and Beaulivre now in retirement. Whether he will rate up to the standard of those great gallopers still remains to be seen, but if his name is enrolled on the list of Chelmsford Stakes winners this year he will not reduce the average standard of the race.

Rimveil, probably the most discussed horse of the moment in Sydney, is on the top plane of handicappers, but yet to prove himself at weight-for-age. He is a courageous racehorse and even a Chelmsford Stakes might not be beyond him. His owner, M. S. Buckley, has every

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INVERELL

AT an altitude of 1980 feet above sea level, the essentially healthy town of Inverell situated on the slopes between the tablelands and the plains, is relieved on the one hand from the rigours of the New England winter and on the other from the extremes of the western summer.

Well watered by rivers and large creeks, among these such well known names as the McIntyre, the Dumaresque, or Sovereign River, the Severn, Fraser's Creek and Cope's Creek, Inverell is the centre of a vast cultivated area.

Allan Cunningham the great explorer, discovered the district in 1827, and then in the 1830's, an exploring party under the personal leadership of a young Englishman named King, and in the interests of Messrs. Clark, Rankin and Lester, left Sydney to investigate the country on the western slopes of the Great Northern Tablelands, with the object of settlement.

The little party had all the necessary equipment, including a flock of 1000 sheep, and set off to blaze a trail to the wealthy Inverell district of to-day.

Eventually the travellers folded their sheep and unyoked their bullocks on the banks of the Gwydir River, a few miles south-east of Bundarra, and found at no great distance away, fine grass country, well watered and eminently suitable for a homestead and which they named George's Creek.

To the northward the explorers discovered a gap in the mountain ranges which was duly named King's Gap, and is the same through which to-day winds the Inverell-Bundarra road.

King pushed on until he reached some very fine country which was later known as King's Plains, and on the way back to George's Creek, the explorers struck another beautiful belt of country known as Newstead, and also taken up by them.

Subsequently, Mr. Rankin controlled Newstead and Clark took charge of Clerkness near Bundarra, as we know it to-day.

Thus were the first holdings established in the Inverell district.

In 1835, Alexander Campbell pierced his way through the unknown bush from Aberdeen, and took possession of two stations, even further to the north, on behalf of the McIntyres.

To this fine pioneering Scot we owe the name of Inverell, for from the presence of swans on a creek nearby came the name

Swanbrook, so that to the spot where the McIntyre River and Swanbrook met on the property, McIntyre gave the Gaelic words "Inver" signifying a meeting place and "ell" a swan—so Inverell—a very beautiful Gaelic name for this lovely and fertile district.

As settlement increased, intercourse between Inverell and other established places such as Armidale developed, and the camping of teamsters by the river at the big flat on which Inverell stands, unconsciously decided the situation of the future town.

The site was a vast swamp known as Green Swamp, but the subsequent making of roads and water channels drained the area, and made possible the expansion of what was soon to take place, and as the site formed part of Mr. Campbell's station, the new town not unnaturally took from it the name of Inverell.

In those early days settlers experienced grim trouble with marauding blacks, and many were the unfortunate affrays.

In the early 1840's came other settlers—Dr. Anderson, who took up Newstead, the Vivers who settled at King's Plains, the Wyndhams at Bukkula, and the Borthwicks at Auburn Vale.

Shortly after this time the first store was built and located at what is known now as Ross Hill—the first Post Office also being established here, with a pack horse the only means of carrying the mail.

In the same year the first bridge—a little foot-bridge—was constructed across the McIntyre, a little below the site of the present fine structure, and served as a valuable means of communication between the gathering dwellings on the one side of Inverell and the store and Post Office on the other.

It was not until 1866 that the Robertson Enactment Land Act became law in Inverell, and on the first Thursday of that year the district Lands Office, then situated in Glen Innes, was open to receive applications from free settlers.

The Pastoral and Agricultural Association came into existence in 1868, and in 1870 appeared the first publication of the "Inverell Times."

Two years later Inverell was incorporated a Municipality with the first mayor in Alderman James Hindmarsh.

One of the factors re-

sponsible for the development of Inverell was the discovery of rich deposits of mineral adjacent to its boundaries. The first commercial discovery of tin and the initiation of the industry in N.S.W. belongs to Elsmore, situated about 10 miles from Inverell.

Although Inverell was on the main route for stock travelling to

Queensland and Melbourne, early difficulties of travel and communication were great.

Even as late as the 1870's the journey remained long and arduous, and although by 1891 the population had increased to approximately 2600, it was not until December 25th 1901 that the railway which meant so much to Inverell was opened by the Hon. E. W. O'Sullivan.

Prior to that time the district had nestled snugly in its rural obscurity figuring little in the life of the State. Its potential worth, scarcely recognised outside its own boundary, the coming of the railway from the north-west though the route was indirect, changed all that, and since 1902 the district output has increased by leaps and bounds.

From this vast and rich district come to-day many thousands of bushels of wheat, maize, barley and oats, and tons of hay. The crops include, in addition, green feed, fruit and grapes, whilst butter and also bacon are produced in large quantities.

This fertile country supports large flocks of sheep, and is also rich in mineral properties. As already mentioned, vast deposits of tin exist in the neighbourhood; dredging is carried out at Cope's Creek, where diamonds and sapphires are also found, and about 16 miles south-west of Inverell at Copeton, lies Australia's largest diamond field which, although as yet almost undeveloped, has returned many thousands of pounds to the finders of stones.

And so as a tribute to the prophetic vision of the pioneers who built and wrought, we dedicate the story of Inverell—the meeting place of the swan—now an up-to-date and progressive town of fine and imposing buildings, and containing all that is necessary to modern life and conditions.

Truly, a veritable gem of the North Western Slopes.



Inverell Branch.

The **RURAL BANK**

OF NEW SOUTH WALES

A Great Moment in History

The Day of Waterloo

(By Hilaire Belloc)

A long roll of land like the crest of a shallow wave or swell of the sea runs for a mile and more, level enough, from west to east across the Belgian plains, some three hours' march out of Brussels. The great high road to Paris and the south cuts it perpendicularly, taking the dip beyond and rising to a corresponding crest a mile away. The trough between, so slight that, were no great memories attached to it, men might pass it in their travels without recognition, is a sweep of bare, ploughed land without hedge or break, save in two spots; on the road itself, just where the downward slope begins as you look southward, is the wall of a small farm; further off to the right, or west, right in the hollow, is a park wall and a clump of trees that hide the ruins of an old country house. The rest is open land—bare to the sky. That farm-house on the road is La Haie Sainte; that more distant clump of wood and ruined house is Hougomont. That field is the field of Waterloo.

The village itself lies just behind the crest to the north, upon the main road, and standing there, you stand on the spot whence Wellington directed his line. The buildings on the further crest, a mile away, mark the place where Napoleon sat his horse, watching the battle; in the space between, his fate was decided.

It was Sunday, the 18th of June, 1815, the end of a long and stormy day. The sun was setting, back to the right in the north-west, throwing red, level beams, angry and menacing rain, across that field, shining now upon the French staff far away, and throwing long shadows from the tall trees on the roadside, and even leaving in gloom the first slope of the hill. The shallow vale was still filled with the smoke of the guns; the dead and the dying lay thick in patches before the line of the crest, and upon it; and immediately to the left and

to the right of the high-road lay the caparisons of horses of the French cavalry, dead and wounded in the great charges which had failed, after Erlon's great infantry attack of the afternoon. On a slight ridge of land which diversified the upward lift from the valley floor towards Wellington's position, still stood that long line of guns from which the main attack had opened when the French made their first effort to blast the defence before the infantry came on. Beside them one could see those few score yards away, the horses and their riders dead of the English charge which in the first counter-attack had reached right up to the muzzles.

But those pieces were silent now, and there was at this moment a sort of lull after the fury and the clamour of all those hours, which had filled the plains from shortly after midday onwards with the fury and the clamour of more than a hundred thousand men engaged. Far away on the shoulder of the height where the French command was stationed, a ceaseless fusillade marked the increasing pressure of the German attack in flank of Planchenoit; but it was still held off, and the struggle there raging was undetermined. Far away to the left of the British line, almost upon the near horizon, a slight movement, a hardly distinguishable dark mass, advancing, was yet another German body coming in upon the north-eastern corner of the field from Blücher's command under Ziethen. The convergence of fresh troops against Napoleon's exhausted formations was gathering, was completing, like a net closing in. He was paying the price for his subordinate's error (and his own) when he had failed on the night of the Friday two days before to determine the line of the German retreat after their defeat at Ligny; he had let them slip up north to Wavre, and thence it was that they had come up thus late (though their first lines had been seen

five hours before) to come up in flank of the mixed command of Wellington, of the British, Dutch and Belgian line, and to secure a decision.

That lull, as I have called it, that comparative silence after so tremendous and continuous a chorus of great sounds, was of the sort which seems with propriety to preface the chief moments of history. Far away on the line of the French reserve, on the fall of the mile-off crest to the south, a dense column was formed. It was the Guard. The setting sun shone full and level on their foremost files and caught the glittering rise and fall of the bayonets as their advance began. To the side of the column, near its head, rode a figure just perceptible at that distance, the Emperor advancing with them to give them his farewell. Upon how many fields had he seen that dear and formidable array of companions: in what hills of Spain: in what Pomeranian marches: that long day of Borodino; the Moscowa, near three years before, when he had sat all day by the redoubt with the Guard in sullen reserve behind him, he refusing to launch their thunder; to-day they were his supreme cast, and by them he would triumph or fall. But it was too late.

The long slab of men crowned with steel came slowly forward, five minutes, ten, twenty, forcing on over the lowest of the dip, on up over the stubble towards the English crest, awaited, unshaken by the first shots that struck them from the Allied guns, their ranks reforming at once to the gaps as moving lava reforms, and the tall figures, made taller by the bearskin caps, showing larger as the head of that battering-ram attack approached. It was to take contact; it was to strike in a few moments.

Its losses increased, none broke, the formation was intact, the assault and the defenders were in that crisis be-

(Continued on Page 16.)



CAPSTAN

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The Fun of Racing

(Continued from Page 8.)

It is so far that even the jockeys are transported there from the weighing-room in an old-fashioned brougham, in which they are herded in about a dozen a time. Gilbey thinks it must be such fun to find the jockey who nearly put you over the rails in the previous race sitting on your lap. A lot of very rude things have been said and written about the Derby course, but as a test as to which is the greatest horse in the world, it would be hard to find a more exacting one. To act on the Epsom mile and a half, a horse must be able to gallop up hill, he must be able to gallop down hill, and he must be able to gallop round corners without slackening his speed; he must therefore be a handy horse, a perfectly balanced horse, and one who is quick to answer to the calls of his rider at any given moment in the race. No course in the world requires for quicker decisions on the part of a jockey than Epsom; in fact, it is the greatest test of a jockey in the world. Steve Donoghue and Gordon Richards are great anywhere; they are at their greatest at Epsom. Possessed of quick brains, they think quickly and act simultaneously, with the result that their mounts are invariably well placed.

Of the Park courses, Gilbey says, commend me to Kempton. Some years ago Kempton had what was described in the evening papers as a "disastrous fire," but where the disaster came in he has never been able to understand. Anyhow, out of the ashes of the "disaster" have risen up some of the finest stands in the world. At Kempton you can actually sit and watch the races, and although while they were on the job they might have given one a little more room between the pews (when anyone wants to pass the whole row has to stand up), it is a big improvement on any other course near London. Kempton is not a particularly good course from the spectator's point of view. The angle on the straight five and six furlong courses is difficult, while on the 1½ mile, and one mile and seven furlong courses, it is extremely difficult to ascertain with any accuracy what is taking

place in the early stages. Kempton, however, gets more marks for its comfort than for the excellence of its races. Its bars, refreshment rooms, lounges and cloakrooms are as good as can be found in any luxury hotel, while the flowers in the Members' Enclosure are a joy to behold. Neither does Kempton look after its members and let the rest go to pot. Both Tattersall's and the Silver Ring are excellent. Kempton has spent a packet of money on this course, and judging by the crowds seen there, they are going to be well repaid for their enterprise.

There is an old saying that when there is racing at Hurst Park, Brighton is depopulated. Quinney cannot vouch for this, as he has never been at Brighton when there was racing at Hurst Park, but he does know that there seems to be a larger population of Jews at Hurst than at any other meeting. Possessed of no anti-Semitic feelings, he is not inferring that this is in any way derogatory to the social success of the meeting—rather the reverse; they help to strengthen the market. Although not of the latest pattern, the stands at Hurst Park are very adequate, and while the racing is not as a rule of anything more than passing interest, it is always well worth a visit. The most popular race at Hurst Park is the Victoria Cup, run early in May. It is a seven furlong handicap, and invariably produces a big field, and a thrilling finish.

Gatwick, he says, has charm—true, most of her charm lies in her picturesque paddock. The stands at Gatwick might serve a number of purposes. They might be excellent for children's hide and seek; on the other hand, they might prove an excellent target for the Air Force to indulge in a little bombing practice. They are not, however, very good places to watch the races—anyhow not at Gatwick! Gilbey says he is not being funny when he says the best place to watch a race is from the roof of a car in the Members' Car Park. The course, strictly from a racing point of view, is excellent. The straight mile is as good a one as can be found

anywhere, and unlike so many courses, the draw makes very little difference, although most people prefer a high number. When he has said that the course is a dead galloping one and that your animal must get every yard of the trip, and that short runners very rarely win there, the writer says that is all he has to say about Gatwick.

Sandown is the snob course of the Park courses, and so grand is it, that no amount of love or money will get you into the Members' Enclosure unless you are a bona-fide member. Sandown is a magnificent course on which to watch flat racing; it is an even better course to see jumping. The stands are built on a mound and the enclosures stretch downhill to the course. Every incident in running can be clearly seen, and even the most incompetent reader of a race, once he has learnt the colours, can have no difficulty in telling exactly what is going on. Sandown charges its patrons plenty for the pleasure of attending their meetings (twenty-four bob for Tattersall's is a trifle fierce), but they do hand out the goods. Their big race is, of course, the Eclipse Stakes, and a magnificent race it is, too. Worth about £8,000 to the winner, next to a classic, or possibly the Gold Cup at Ascot, it is the most coveted prize in the Racing Calendar. Run over a mile and a quarter, and finishing up a very stiff hill, it is only relieved from being a tremendous test of stamina by the fact that the race is "run in twice." As a rule the horses go off at a rare pace as far as the bend, when in order to get round the jockeys must take a pull, and the horses get an easy. Then when they're in the straight, they turn on the pace again. Whereas on most courses a position on the rails is much coveted, the rails at Sandown should be avoided like the plague, unless, of course, you're in front. I can't explain the reason, says Gilbey, but whereas on most courses the horses will open out and let you through, at Sandown they won't, and you remain cooped up like a hen.

Lingfield is lovely, and a very easy course, the new stands are excellent. Newbury is the "countiest" of all the meetings. The stands and general layout of the course are excellent.

(Continued on Page 16.)

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THE GREATEST MYSTERIES OF SCIENCE

Condensed from "The New Republic"

(Bruce Bliven)

Among the scores of experts with whom I have talked, the comment was often made that what we know about the secrets of the physical world is as nothing compared with what we shall some day know. I asked these men to list the most important unsolved problems of science. Here are three of the scientific mysteries which received the heaviest vote:

The Mystery of Life's Beginning.

Scientists look back across millions of years to the time when, among the inert chemicals of which all matter is composed, the first cell must have arisen and developed its powers of multiplying by division, which is the fundamental fact of growth. How did that cell appear?

The fundamental stuff of the cell and of inert chemical matter is the same; but the cell is able to act upon itself to produce more cells—each exactly like itself. From this natural phenomenon come all the complicated forms of life—fish, animals, men. But how did it start? It is impossible for scientists to think life always existed. What incredible concatenation of circumstances brought the first cell into being among the atoms of such substances as hydrogen and oxygen?

The Mystery of the Green Leaf.

One of the cryptograms science is seeking to unfold is the manufacturing process which goes on in all the green parts of plant life. In its most important form this process consists of sunlight creating chemical sugars out of carbon dioxide from the air and water from the soil. These sugars are then changed into other substances, such as starch and wood.

All life, including our own, depends on this photosynthesis. Mankind consumes some vegetables, but in large measure we permit sheep or cattle to eat nature's green factories and their products, and we then consume the animal. If we could learn to create sugar from sunlight, air and water, as every plant does, the worst

troubles of the human race would probably be over. (The scientists are just beginning to duplicate nature's work on a small scale in the laboratory.) Food would then be available so readily and at such a minimum of effort that we should enter a new existence incredibly changed from anything now known.

The Mystery of the Ice Age.

Several times within the last million years vast sheets of glacial ice have come from the polar regions to cover great areas. In North America there were probably five invasions, with the ice going as far south as Virginia and the Ohio and Missouri Rivers. Each invasion lasted a long period and destroyed or drove out almost every living thing. Between invasions the climate probably became as mild as to-day; plants and animals came back. It is probable that even man existed in these regions during some of the last glacial epochs, of which the latest may have been as recent at 15,000 years ago and certainly was not much farther back than 50,000 years.

What caused those visitations? Will the ice come back? Solely on the basis of probability, scientists believe that another glacial epoch may force mankind and all his works to retreat from vast areas of the northern latitudes. It is probable, too, that our interglacial epoch has passed its maximum warmth, thus the climate has been getting cooler and more moist in the last few thousand years.

Many hypotheses have been brought forth to explain this amazing phenomenon. It has been suggested that the earth's axis might have shifted, so that the sun's rays struck at a different angle, which would profoundly affect the climate. Physicists and astronomers reply that any such change would be practically impossible. Did something happen to the sun—some series of solar storms—to reduce the effectiveness of its rays upon the earth? Possible, but highly improbable. Did the

amount of carbon dioxide in the atmosphere decrease, thus reducing the warming blanket of air which lies over the earth?

It is hard to think of any such happening that could have occurred five times or more, and lasted for tremendous intervals, during a period of something between 300,000 and 1,000,000 years. As to what caused the ice ages, and what may cause them again, science offers us only a blank page.

CHELMSFORD STORY

(Continued from Page 9.)

reason to be proud of this outstanding performer.

Mildura, the veteran of the field, races in the same interests as the three-year-old Riverton. Although beginning to show his years Mildura's appearance belies him, for he is galloping as smartly as ever and in public this season he has shown that he has not lost his galloping capability.

Dashing Cavalier, another of the tried and proved brigade, looks bigger, brighter and stronger than ever and will add to the strength of the Chelmsford field, while Gold Salute is another who by no means is a spent force.

Katanga, his former stablemate Evergreen, Winnipeg, St. Constant, Veiled Threat and Dewar come under the heading of good handicappers, but still good enough for the Club's star event.

Wartime restrictions have prevented Victorian and New Zealand representation. The last six winners of the Chelmsford Stakes — Gold Rod, Mala, Royal Chief, Defaulter, Beaulivre and Beau Vite — all came from New Zealand, which country has a high average of success. Limerick's three successes in 1926-27 and 28 are outstanding in the history of the race. Mollison and Heroic were the only two actual Victorian representatives to score in the last 20 years.

A Great Moment in History

(Continued from Page 11.)

tween hope and despair, when the issue is immediate and upon us.

To the right of the British centre, along the side road which leads today to the high earthen mound whence the Lion of Brabant looks over that famous, mournful and desolate expanse, stood in their double rank the 52nd of the British Service. The officer commanding them saw the head of the most formidable column in Europe, the victors of all the great actions of the war, in the very act of delivering its blow. Its front aimed just to the left of his men, the extreme of their line would be engaged. Then it was that he accepted, he, subordinate, the responsibility of achievement or destruction, for himself and his own. He gave the order of his initiative and of his uncontrolled judgment. He ordered the regiment under his command to swing round, pivoting upon its left.

If that proved an error, it left a gap where the enemy should pour through. Should it prove wisely done, it would destroy that enemy before the blow could fall. The 52nd in those few minutes of the swing, the outer men on the extreme right running over the storm-sodden ground to keep formation, the rapid conversion sagging for a moment, then straightening out again and dressing rapidly to a strict alignment, heard the sharp orders to load and fire. That fire poured in flank upon the dense phalanx of the Imperial Guard, and immediately the first confusion in it began.

There was as yet no wavering, but there was disorder, the appearance of

The Fun of Racing

(Continued from Page 13.)

Windsor is not a very good race-course.

"Membership of a smart London Club is essential if social advancement is desired," Gilbey once read in a book on etiquette. He therefore recommends all social climbers to join Ally Pally (Alexandra Park). Having paid £5/12/6 for the privi-

gaps, bunching, cries contradictory, and eddies in the great stream. A second volley tore through it; contact was taken, but in a medley, and the impact lost. How long that brief decisive moment stretched, no man can tell; in battle these things of time, of crowded agony in time, lose their meaning. But the head of the Guard shook, scattered in part, recoiled; and away off among the 1st Corps there were cries, "The Guard is turning!" The business of Waterloo was achieved.

That setting sun still shone; its last rays saw the scattering of the enemy down the slopes of the hill, and the whole of Wellington's line in movement to go forward. Ziethen far off on the left was already advanced upon the field; still further off to the south-east Planchenoit was carried; the vale, as the dusk gathered, was a mass of broken formations and flying men, and before dark all the routed army was pouring under the sabres of the cavalry pursuit down the high road to the bridges and to Charleroi.

This was the way in which the long story of the wars ended.

age of being a member, you gaze with delight at the trim red brick villas, in such close proximity to the course, that a short-sighted jockey once mistook "The Acacias" for the weighing-room, and divesting himself of all his clothes in the drawing-room, requested the terrified owner of the house to weigh him. The good lady, thinking that he was an escaped lunatic, called a policeman, who arrested our friend for indecency, and put him into a cell, and no amount of protestation that he was due to ride the favourite in the four o'clock would secure his release. Eventually the matter was straightened out amicably, and I understand, writes Gilbey, the jockey eventually married the daughter of the house into which he had so unwittingly trespassed. At her wedding she said: "I fell in love with him the first day I saw him in mother's drawing-room."

To return to the beauties of Ally Pally, who could but admire the gentle curves of the cloakroom, and that imposing edifice with its brave array of bottles, familiarly referred to as the bar; then there is that delicate structure of very old iron, from which the Hon. Frances Egerton, Sir William Cook, and others have watched so many races, and you turn your eyes to that little ribbon of green on which the horses gallop, a few yards of which is visible from the stands ere the intervening houses shut out your view, and you reflect a trifle sadly that it is not a pair of race glasses you require to enable you to follow the horses, but a periscope.



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SEPTEMBER RACE MEETING

(RANDWICK RACECOURSE)

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 12th, 1942

THE HURDLE RACE.

A Handicap of £250; second £50, third £25 from the prize. The winner of any Hurdle Race or Steeplechase after the declaration of weights to carry 7lb. penalty. Nomination 10/-; acceptance 10/-.

ABOUT ONE MILE AND THREE-QUARTERS.

THE TRAMWAY HANDICAP.

A Handicap of £500; second £100, third £50 from the prize. Nomination £1; acceptance £4.

SEVEN FURLONGS.

THE NOVICE HANDICAP.

A Handicap of £300; second £50, third £25 from the prize. For all horses which have never, at time of starting, won a flat race (Maiden Race excepted) of the value to the winner of more than £50. Lowest handicap weight, 7st. Nomination £1; acceptance £2.

ONE MILE AND A QUARTER.

THE THREE AND FOUR-YEAR-OLD HANDICAP.

A Handicap of £350; second £70, third £35 from the prize. For three and four-year-olds at time of starting. Nomination £1; acceptance £2/10/-.

ONE MILE

THE CHELMSFORD STAKES.

(Weight-for-age with penalties and allowances, for horses three-years-old and upwards.) Of £1,000; second £150, third £100 from the prize. Horses that have won a weight-for-age or special weight race exceeding £400 in value to the winner to carry 7lb. extra. Horses not having, at time of starting, won a handicap exceeding £150 in value to the winner allowed: three years, 7lb.; four years and upwards, 14lb.; maiden three-year-olds, 10lb.; maiden four-year-olds and upwards, 20lb. Winners of weight-for-age or special weight races (except special weight two-year-old races not exceeding £150 in value to the winner) not entitled to any allowance. Owners and Trainers must declare penalties incurred and claim allowances due at date when making entries. Nomination £1; acceptance £9.

ONE MILE AND A FURLONG.

THE SPRING HANDICAP.

A Handicap of £500; second £100, third £50 from the prize. Nomination £1; acceptance £4.

ONE MILE AND A QUARTER.

THE WELTER HANDICAP.

A Handicap of £350; second £70, third £35 from the prize. Lowest handicap weight, 7st. 7lb. Nomination £1; acceptance £2/10/-.

ONE MILE.

NOMINATIONS for the above races closed Monday, August 31st, 1942.

PENALTIES.—In all flat races (The Chelmsford Stakes excepted) a penalty on the following scale shall be carried by the winner of a handicap flat race after the declaration of weights, viz.: When the value of the prize to the winner is £50 or under, 3lb.; over £50 and not more than £100, 5lb.; over £100, 7lb.

WEIGHTS to be declared at 10 am. on **MONDAY, 7th SEPTEMBER, 1942.**

ACCEPTANCES for all races are due before 1 p.m. on **THURSDAY, 10th SEPTEMBER, 1942,** with the Secretary of Tattersall's Club, Sydney, only.

The Entries for the above races were accepted subject to the following conditions, viz.:—"The Committee reserves to itself the right in connection with any of the above races, should the conditions existing warrant it, to reduce the amounts of the prize money, forfeits and acceptance fees advertised and to cancel the meeting should the necessity arise."

The Committee reserves to itself the right to reject, after acceptance time, all or any of the entries of the lower-weighted horses accepting in any race in excess of the number of horses which would be run in such race without a division.

The horses on the same weight to be selected for rejection by lot.

The nomination fees for horses rejected to be refunded as provided in A.J.C. Rule 50 of Racing.

The Committee also reserves the right to vary the distance of any event and to change the venue of the race meeting.

The Committee reserves the power from time to time to make any alteration or modification in this programme, alter the date of running, the sequence of the races, time for starting and the time for taking nominations, declaration of handicaps, forfeits or acceptances.

157 Elizabeth Street, SYDNEY.

T. T. MANNING, Secretary.